
P O E M S.

21

P O E M S

22

P O E M S,

BY

THE REV. MR. LOGAN,

ONE OF THE MINISTERS OF LEITH.

Ite, meæ, felix quondam pecus ite Capellæ,
Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dumofâ pendere procul de rupe videbo,
Carmina nulla canam.

401.
VIRG.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL IN THE STRAND.

MDCCCLXXXI.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

THE MUSEUM

THE MUSEUM

7

46
9 686 4



THE MUSEUM

THE MUSEUM

THE
CONTENTS,

O D E. To the Cuckoo.	Page 1
The Braes of Yarrow. A SONG.	4
O D E. On the death of a young Lady.	8
O D E. To Women.	13
O S S I A N ' S H Y M N. To the Sun.	20
O D E. Written in Spring.	23
S O N G. " The Day is departed."	30
O D E.	

vi C O N T E N T S.

ODE. To Sleep.	32
ODE. To a young Lady.	34
ODE. To a man of Letters.	38
The Lovers. A POEM.	43
A Tale.	54
MONIMIA. An ODE.	78
ODE. Written in Autumn.	86

H Y M N S.

HYMN I. The Prayer of Jacob.	93
HYMN II. The Complaint of Nature.	95
HYMN III. Trust in Providence.	101
HYMN IV. Heavenly Wisdom.	104
HYMN V.	106

HYMN

C O N T E N T S. vii

HYMN VI. - - 108

HYMN VII. - - 113

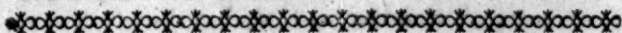
HYMN VIII. - - 115

HYMN IX. - - 117

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN SEVEN VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOLUME THE FIRST
PUBLISHED BY J. B. BENTLEY
1822



P O E M S.



O D E

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous Stranger of the grove!
Thou Messenger of Spring!

Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,

And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,

Thy certain voice we hear;

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,

Or mark the rolling year?

B

Delightful

Delightful Visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering thro' the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet Bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!

We'd make, with joyful wing,

Our annual visit o'er the globe,

Companions of the Spring.

S O N G,

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“ **T**HY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
 “ When first on them I met my lover;

“ Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!

“ When now thy waves his body cover!

“ For ever now, O Yarrow stream!

“ Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;

“ For never on thy banks shall I

“ Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

“ He promised me a milk-white steed,

“ To bear me to his father's bowers;

“ He promised me a little page,

“ To 'squire me to his father's towers;

“ He promised me a wedding-ring,—

“ The wedding-day was fix’d to-morrow;—

“ Now he is wedded to his grave,

“ Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

“ Sweet were his words when last we met;

“ My passion I as freely told him!

“ Clasp’d in his arms, I little thought

“ That I should never more behold him!

“ Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;

“ It vanish’d with a shriek of sorrow;

“ Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,

“ And gave a doleful groan thro’ Yarrow.

“ His mother from the window look’d,

“ With all the longing of a mother;

“ His little sister weeping walk’d

“ The green-wood path to meet her brother :

“ They fought him east, they fought him west,

“ They fought him all the forest thorough ;

“ They only saw the cloud of night,

“ They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

“ No longer from thy window look,

“ Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !

“ No longer walk, thou lovely maid !

“ Alas, thou hast no more a brother !

“ No longer seek him east or west,

“ And search no more the forest thorough ;

“ For, wandering in the night so dark,

“ He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

“ The tear shall never leave my cheek,

“ No other youth shall be my marrow ;

“ I'll seek thy body in the stream,

“ And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.”

P O E M S.

7

The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas!

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And "dust to dust" the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair with my first ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while Remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does Sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And Love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of Fancy cares controul,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Verfed in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart forgets to beat!
The blood runs cold at Int'rest's call:—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then

Then lovely Nature is expell'd,
And Friendship is romantic held;
Then Prudence comes with hundred eyes:—
The Veil is rent: the Vision flies.

The dear Illusions will not last;
The æra of Enchantment's past;
The wild Romance of Life is done;
The real History is begun.

The Sallies of the Soul are o'er,
The Feast of Fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supply'd
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye Gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor Nature yield to frigid Art!

Still

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Tho' doom'd to bleed o'er Beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Tho' moisten'd with a tender tear!

O D E

TO WOMEN.

YE Virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
And universal sway;
Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

If

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,

You may be call'd divine:

But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,

"O were that Maiden mine!"

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,

Your magazine of arms;

But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,

The whispering hour, the tender talk,

That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,

The smile, the native of the face,

Refinement without art;

The eye where pure affection beams,

The tear from tenderness that streams,

The accents of the heart;

The

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul exprest;

Your beauties these: with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From Summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aking eye,
To Nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene,
Of an Autumnal sky.

The

The favourite tree of Beauty's Queen,
Behold the Myrtle's modest green,
The Virgin of the grove!
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold!
See Spring approach with sweet delay!
See rosebuds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love th' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chace,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of Beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends,
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil, is to reveal,
And to display, is to conceal;
Mysterious are your laws!
The vision's finer than the view;
Her landscape Nature never drew
So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All Woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, Heaven.

See Virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own ;
But artless Innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post ;
For if, beneath an Angel's mien,
The Serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm !
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart !
Parisian paint of every kind,
That stains the body or the mind,
Proclaims the Harlot's art.

The midnight Minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
And woos the wood to hear ;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the Lover's ear,

The Zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,

Is Nature's handy-work divine,

And not the web of Art ;

And they who wear it never know

To what enchanting charm they owe

The empire of the heart,

O S S I A N ' s H Y M N

T O T H E S U N .

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the Sky, and Father of the Day!

O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With Heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy Darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;

The

The Queen of Heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the Western Main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the Heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face?
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main, that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in Heaven, and emptied of her light:
But Thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When Heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings
dire,
All æther flaming, and all earth on fire;

When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of Nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

O D E

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

NO longer hoary Winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the Spring appears on high,
And, smiling over earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye
With all the colours of the sky,
With all the pride of Spring;
Now Heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to sing.

The

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wonted verdant food,
Beside the well-known rills;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain
Like Pan attunes the past'ral strain,
While many echoes send again
The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
Her solitary way;
She sees the Fairies, with their Queen,
Trip hand-in-hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
The ear-inchanting lay.

Maria,

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new-fledged flower;
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood;
O come Thou, fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale
And opens in the Sun;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love
Their time of bliss begun.

Now,

Now, now, thy Spring of Life appears ;
Fair in the morning of thy years,
And May of Beauty crown'd :
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies ;—
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day ;
But, ah ! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing ;
'Tis Nature's voice, " O pull the rose,
" Now while the bud in beauty blows,
" Now while the opening leaves disclose
" The incense of the Spring !"

What

What youth, high-favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That Nature has in store?

Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine;
Whose arms thy yielding waste entwine;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more!

Not happier the Primæval Pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smiled on her virgin Spring;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heaven's Chorus made the sky
With Hallelujahs ring.

Devoted

Devoted to the Muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre

To themes of high renown :—
No other theme than You I'll chuse,
Than You invoke no other Muse ;
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy Bard with bays to crown,

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woo ;
Where Fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian Spirits round me rove,
Alone Inamour'd with the love
Of Nature and of You !

S O N G.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
The Moon in her beauty appears ;
The voice of the Nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears :
Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the Moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh——Can a lover do more ?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.

Maria,

Maria, my love! Do you long for the grove?

Do you sigh for an interview soon?

Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove

Alone by the light of the Moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear

My bosom is all in a glow;

Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,

My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.

Ye Powers of the Sky, will your bounty divine

Indulge a fond lover his boon?

Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,

Alone by the light of the Moon?

O D E

TO SLEEP.

IN vain I court till dawning light
The coy Divinity of night;
Restless from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the Morn!

Oh, Sleep! tho' banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infants rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who sweetly-playful smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

O D E

TO A YOUNG LADY.

MARIA bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go
The pride of all the Park :
Attracted groupes in silence gaze,
And soft behind you hear the praise
And whisper of the spark.

In Fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
And dance a dizzy round ;
The maids and kindling youths behold
You triumph o'er the envious Old,
The Queen of Beauty crown'd.

Where'er

Where'er the beams of Fortune blaze,
Or Fashion's whispering zephyr plays,
The insect tribe attends ;
Gay-glittering thro' a Summer's day,
The filken myriads melt away
Before a Sun descends.

Divorced from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies ;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods! shall a sordid son of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine?
An angel bless unconscious arms?
The circle of surrendered charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

O D E

TO A YOUNG LADY.

MARIA bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go

The pride of all the Park :

Attracted groupes in silence gaze,

And soft behind you hear the praise

And whisper of the spark.

In Fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,

You make the circle of the world,

And dance a dizzy round ;

The maids and kindling youths behold

You triumph o'er the envious Old,

The Queen of Beauty crown'd.

Where'er

Where'er the beams of Fortune blaze,
Or Fashion's whispering zephyr plays,
The insect tribe attends;
Gay-glittering thro' a Summer's day,
The filken myriads melt away
Before a Sun descends.

Divorced from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods! shall a fordid son of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine?
An angel blest unconscious arms?
The circle of surrendered charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

The absent day ; the broken dream ;
The vision wild ; the sudden scream ;

Tears that unbidden flow !——

Ah ! let no sense of griefs profound
That beauteous bosom ever wound
With unavailing woe !

The wild enchanter Youth beguiles,
And Fancy's fairy landscape smiles
With more than Nature's bloom ;
The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unfetting suns your promised hours
With golden light illumine.

A hand advancing strikes the bell !
That sound dissolves the magic spell,
And all the charm is gone !
The visionary landscape flies :
At once th' ærial music dies ;
In wild you walk alone !

Howe'er

Howe'er the wind of Fortune blows,
Or sadly-severing Fate dispose
Our everlasting doom;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of nature past,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can Love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with Friendship's angel-flame
An Angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
Require, thro' life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul;
The loved Maria of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole.

O D E

TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

LO, Winter's hoar dominion past !
 Arrested in his Eastern blast
 The fiend of Nature flies ;
 Breathing the Spring the zephyrs play,
 And re-inthron'd the Lord of Day
 Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
 The voluntary shades and flowers
 For rural lovers spring ;
 Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
 And round Apollo's rustic shrine
 The sylvan Muses sing.

The

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows,
 Arise to vanish soon ;
The Rose unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
 To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
 Their place and hour assign'd ;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
 The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
 Confess a nobler hand ;
Thron'd in the majesty of Morn,
Behold the King of Day adorn
 The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did th' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang th' eternal lamps on high
On one abode to shine ;
The circle of a thousand Suns
Extends, while Nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
And streams of old renown ;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion 'mid the stars,
And wear th' immortal crown,

Bright in the firmament of Fame
The lights of antient ages flame
With never-setting ray,
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

WON

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
The provinces of mind ;
An Egypt *, with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
From Lewis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows ;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench the ethereal flame ;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame.

The orb which ruled thy natal night
And usher'd in a greater light
Than sets the pole on fire,
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks th' eternal round,
Amid the heavenly quire.

* The finest provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waste.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the master of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,
The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides prest,
The awful Goddess thus address'd,
And pointing to the prize:
" Behold the wreath of glory shine!
" And mark the onward path divine
" That opens to the skies!

" The heavenly fire must ever burn,
" The Hero's step must never turn
" From yon sublime abodes;
" Long must thy life of labours prove
" At last to die the son of Jove,
" And mingle with the Gods."

T H E L O V E R S.

A P O E M.

[The Lovers, in the following Poem, were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The Lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night to meet with her Lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dialogue passes in the chariot.]

H A R R I E T.

'TIS midnight dark : 'tis silence deep,
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the Lover meets his bride,
She sees her Lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,
A while the weary are at rest :
'Tis midnight dark ; 'tis silence deep ;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates;
No tread re-echoes thro' the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night,
O come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
O take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrors of the night are round;
A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man thro' flood and fire.

The *howlet* screams ill-boding sounds,
The Spirit walks unholy rounds;

The Wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of Hell usurp the poles;
The Moon retires; the Heaven departs.
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies——Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

H E N R Y.

I come, I come, my love! my life!
And Nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I loved thee; long have fought;
And dangers braved and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end;
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!

My lovely bride! my comfort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

H A R R I E T.

HARRIET.

I fear to go—I dare not stay.
Look back.—I dare not look that way.

HENRY.

No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.
Lo! thy protector and thy friend,
The arms that fold thee will defend.

HARRIET.

Still beats my bosom with alarms :
I tremble while I'm in thy arms !
What will impassion'd lovers do ?
What have I done—to follow you ?
I leave a father torn with fears ;
I leave a mother bath'd in tears ;
A brother girding on his sword
Against my life, against my lord.

Now,

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!——to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me——I'm undone:

H E N R Y.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!

Altho'

Altho' our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger, love arose;
From adverse briars that threatening flood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

HARRIET.

My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embraced, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears;
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.

An

An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures Love had plann'd ;
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower ;
If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head ?
What tears may I have yet to shed ?

H E N R Y.

O do not wound that gentle breast,
Nor sink, with fancied ills oppress'd ;
For softness, sweetness, all, thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain ;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.

E.

Long

Long on the ocean tempest-toft,
At last we gain the happy coast;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills thro' all its strings!

HARRIET.

My father's castle springs to fight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd;
Ye woods, that wrapt me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wandered o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land adieu!

O father,

O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still uttered with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smiled,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguiled;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell!

H E N R Y.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine.
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;
The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.

They rise, the dear domestic hours !
The May of Love unfolds her flowers ;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship fits a constant guest ;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends ;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal ;
Pure, as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love ;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.

Like

Like Cherubs new-come from the skies,
Henrys and Harriets round us rise;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run,
You clasp the husband in the son;
O how the mother's heart will bound!
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

A T A L E.

WHERE pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's classic ground,
The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle;
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.

Twice he arose, from rebel rage
To save the British crown;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.

But

But to the plowshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease;
And in the arbour which he rear'd,
He raised the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solaced a father's care;
And all the country blest the name
Of Emily the Fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now fainted in the sky);
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart;
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure etherial blue,
Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had roved,
To conquer Fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he loved.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling thro' the soul.

The graces, that for Nature fair
Present us mimic Art;
The false refinements, that refine
Away the human heart,

She knew not ; in the simple robe
Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleased,
Without the thought to please.

Instruct th' unplanted forest-crab
To leave its genius wild ;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
And make the Savage mild :

But who would give the rose a hue,
Which Nature has not given ?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from Heaven ?

The father, watching o'er his child,
The joy of fathers found ;
And, blest himself, he stretch'd his hand
To bless the neighbours round.

A Pa-

A Patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law ;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his store ;
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah ! what mortal knows the hour
Of Fate ? A hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The

The Sun, that, rising, saw him Lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his setting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone;
And walks a stranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blast of Winter whistled loud
And shrill thro' the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd sad and slow;
At times he stoop'd to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To shelter he did hie;
“ Beneath the covert of this rock,
“ My Daughter, let us die !”

At midnight, in the weary waste,
In sorrow sat the Pair;
She chaff'd his shivering hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
Involuntary flow'd;
No word of comfort could she speak,
Nor would she weep aloud.

“ In yonder hall my fathers lived,
“ In yonder hall they died;
“ Now in that church-yard's aisle they sleep,
“ Each by his spouse's side.

“ Oft

" Oft have I made yon hall resound

" With social, sweet delight;

" And marked not the morning hour,

" That stole upon the night.

" When there the wanderers of the dark,

" Reposing, ceased to roam;

" And strangers, happy in the hall,

" Did find themselves at home:

" I little thought that, thus forlorn,

" In deserts I should bide,

" And have not where to lay the head,

" Amid the world so wide!"

A stranger, wandering thro' the wood,

Beheld the hapless Pair;

Long did he look in silence sad,

Then shriek'd as in despair.

He

He ran, and lowly at the feet

Of his late Lord he fell;

“ Alas, my Master, have I lived

“ To bid your house farewell!

“ But I will never bid adieu

“ To him I prized so high:

“ As with my Master I have lived,

“ I'll with my Master die.

“ I saw the Summer-friend, who shared

“ The banquet in your hall,

“ Depart, nor cast one look behind

“ On the forsaken wall.

“ I saw the daily, nightly guest

“ The changing scene forsake;

“ Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps

“ The long farewell to take:

“ Then

“ Then to the service of my Lord

“ I vow’d a throbbing heart;

“ And in the changes of your life

“ To bear an humble part.

“ Forgive the fond, officious zeal

“ Of one that loves his Lord!

“ The new Possessor of your field

“ A suppliant I implored,

“ I told the treachery of your friend,

“ The story of your woe,

“ And fought his favour, when I saw

“ His tears begin to flow.

“ I ask’d the hamlet of the hill,

“ The lone, sequester’d feat,

“ Your chosen haunt and favourite bower,

“ To be your last retreat.

“ I of-

" I offer'd—what was all your own—

" The gold I had in store ;

" Low at his feet I fell, and wept

" That I could give no more.

" Your gold is yours," the generous youth

" With gentle accent said ;

" Your Master's be that little field,

" And cheerful be his shed !"

" Now Heaven has heard my prayer ; I've wish'd

" I could in part repay

" The favours your extended hand

" Bestow'd from day to day,

" I yet may see a garland green

" Upon the hoary head ;

" Yet see my Master blest, before

" I dwell among the dead !"

In

In silence Arthur look'd to Heaven,
And clasp'd his Edwin's hand ;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Express'd affection bland.

From opening Heaven the Moon appear'd ;
Fair was the face of night ;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars ;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur resum'd the pilgrim's staff ;
They held their lonely way
Dim thro' the forest's darksome bourne,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and closed
The pilgrimage of woe.

F

He

He enter'd, solemn, slow, and fad,
The destin'd hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut,
To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
And kiss'd a falling tear ;
“ I have my all, ye gracious Powers !
“ I have my daughter here !”

A sober banquet to prepare,
Emilia cheerful goes ;
The faggot blazed, the window glanced,
The heart of age arose.

“ I would not be that guilty man,
“ With all his golden store ;
“ Nor change my lot with any wretch,
“ That counts his thousands o'er.

“ Now

“ Now here at last we are at home,

“ We can no lower fall ;

“ Low in the cottage, peace can dwell,

“ As in the lordly hall.

“ The wants of Nature are but few ;

“ Her banquet soon is spread :

“ The Tenant of the Vale of Tears

“ Requires but daily bread.

“ The food that grows in every field

“ Will life and health prolong ;

“ And water from the spring suffice

“ To quench the thirsty tongue.

“ But all the Indies, with their wealth,

“ And earth, and air, and seas,

“ Will never quench the sickly thirst

“ And craving of Disease.

“ My humble garden to my hand

“ Contentment’s feast will yield ;

“ And, in the season, harvest white

“ Will load my little field.

“ Like Nature’s simple children, here,

“ With Nature’s self we’ll live,

“ And, of the little that is left,

“ Have something still to give.

“ The sad vicissitudes of life

“ Long have I learn’d to bear ;

“ But, oh ! my Daughter, thou art new

“ To sorrow and to care !

“ How shall that fine and flowery form,

“ In filken folds confined,

“ That scarcely faced the Summer’s gale,

“ Endure the wintery wind ?

“ Ah !

" Ah! how wilt thou sustain a sky

" With angry tempest red?

" How wilt thou bear the bitter storm

" That's hanging o'er thy head?

" Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God!

" I take with temper mild;

" But, oh! repay it thousand-fold

" In blessings on my Child!"

" Weep not for me, thou Father fond!"

The Virgin soft did say;

" Could I contribute to thy peace,

" O, I would bless the day!

" The Parent, who provides for all,

" For us will now provide;

" These hands have learn'd the gayer arts

" Of elegance and pride:

“ What once amused a vacant hour,
“ Shall now the day engage !
“ And Vanity shall spread the board
“ Of Poverty and Age.

“ At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
“ And, while the faggots blaze,
“ Recount the trifles of the time,
“ And dream of better days !

“ I'll read the tragic tales of old,
“ To soothe a Father's woes ;
“ I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
“ And sing thee to repose.”

The Father wept. “ Thy wond'rous hand,
“ Almighty, I adore !
“ I had not known how blest I was,
“ Had I not been so poor !

“ Now

" Now blest be God for what is left,

" And blest for what is given !

" Thou art an angel, O my Child !

" With thee I dwell in Heaven !"

Then, in the garb of ancient times,

They trod the past'ral plain :

But who describes a Summer's day,

Or paints the Halcyon Main ?

One day, a wanderer in the wood

The lonely threshold prest ;

'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof

Had first received a guest.

The Stranger told his tender tale :

" I come from foreign climes ;

" From countries red with Indian blood,

" And stain'd with Christian crimes.

" O may Britannia never hear
" What these sad eyes have seen !
" May an eternal veil be drawn
" That world and this between !

" No frantic avarice fired my soul,
" And Heaven my wishes crown'd ;
" For soon a fortune to my mind
" With innocence I found.

" From exile sad, returning home,
" I kiss'd the sacred earth ;
" And flew to find my native woods
" And walls that give me birth.

" To church on Sunday fond I went,
" In hopes to mark, unseen,
" All my old friends, assembled round
" The circle of the green.

" Alas,

" Alas, the change that time had made!

" My ancient friends were gone;

" Another race possess'd the walls,

" And I was left alone!

" A stranger among strangers, long

" I look'd from pew to pew;

" But not the face of one old friend

" Rose imaged to my view.

" The horrid plow had rased the green,

" Where we have often play'd;

" The axe had fell'd the hawthorn tree,

" The school-boy's summer shade.

" One Maid, the Beauty of the Vale,

" To whom I vow'd my care,

" And gave my heart, had fled away,

" And none could tell me where.

" My

" My cares and toils in foreign climes

" Were for that peerless Maid ;

" She rose in beauty by my side :

" My toils were all repaid.

" By Indian streams I sat alone,

" While on my native isle,

" And on my ancient friends, I thought,

" And wept the weary while.

" 'Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours,

" She came in every dream,

" As, smiling, on the rear of night,

" Appears the morning beam.

" In quest of her I wander, wild,

" O'er mountain, stream, and plain ;

" And, if I find her not, I fly

" To Indian climes again."

The

The Father thus began : " My son,

" Mourn not thy wretched fate ;

" For He that rules in Heaven decrees

" This life a mixed state,

" The stream that carries us along,

" Flows thro' the Vale of Tears ;

" Yet, on the darkness of our day,

" The bow of Heaven appears.

" The Rose of Sharon, king of flowers,

" Is fenced with prickles round ;

" Queen of the Vale, the lily fair

" Among the thorns is found.

" E'en while we raise the song, we sigh

" The melancholy while ;

" And, down the face of mortal man,

" The tear succeeds the smile.

" Nought

" Nought pure or perfect here is found ;

" But, when this night is o'er,

" Th' eternal morn will spring on high,

And we shall weep no more.

" Beyond the dim horizon far,

" That bounds the mortal eye,

" A better country blooms to view,

" Beneath a brighter sky."—

Unseen the trembling Virgin heard

The Stranger's tale of woe ;

Then enter'd, as an angel bright,

In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose, he look'd, he gazed,

He stood a statue pale ;

His heart did throb, his cheek did change,

His faltering voice did fail.

At last, " My Emily herself

" Alive in all her charms !"

The father kneel'd ; the lovers rush'd

To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranced

Long while they did remain ;

They glow'd, they trembled, and they fobb'd,

They wept and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands,

To bless the happy pair ;

Heaven smiled on Edward the beloved,

And Emily the fair.

M O N I M I A.

A N O D E.

IN weeds of sorrow wildly 'dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
Ah! never to return!

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,
And evil spirits reign'd;
The lone owl, from the cloistered isle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill-boding prophet plain'd.

I

While

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gazed upon the wave ;
Then raising wild to Heaven her eyes,
With sobs, and broken accent, cries,
“ I'll meet thee in the grave.”

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumined by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove ;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine,
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And sweetly-mournful sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree ;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow.

“ She mourns her mate like me.”

“ I loved

“ I loved my lover from a child,
“ And sweet the youthful cherub smiled,
“ And wanton'd o'er the green ;
“ He train'd my Nightingale to sing,
“ He spoil'd the gardens of the Spring,
“ To crown me rural Queen.

“ My brother died before his day ;
“ Sad, thro' the church-yard's dreary way,
“ We went to walk at eve ;
“ And bending o'er th' untimely urn,
“ Long at the monument to mourn,
“ And look upon his grave.

“ Like forms funereal while we stand,
“ In tender mood he held my hand,
“ And laid his cheek to mine ;
“ My bosom beat unknown alarms,
“ We wept in one another's arms,
“ And mingled tears divine.

- " From sweet compassion love arose,
" Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
 " And pair'd upon the tomb;
" Attesting all the Powers above,
" A fond romance of fancied love
 " We vowed our days to come.
- " A wealthy Lord from Indian skies,
" Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
 " Implored a mutual mind;
" Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
" But Harry's footsteps never flew
 " The wonted scene to find.
- " Three nights in dire suspense I sat
" Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
 " Sent from a foreign shore;—
" Go, where thy wandering wishes tend,
" Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
 " You never see me more!"—

G

Despair!

“ Despair! distraction! I obey’d

“ And one disorder’d moment made

“ An ever-wretched wife;

“ Ah! in the circuit of one Sun,

“ Heaven! I was wedded and undone,

“ And desolate for life!

“ Apart my wedding robes I tore,

“ And guarded tears now gushing o’er

“ Distain’d the bridal bed;

“ Wild I invoked the funeral yell,

“ And fought devoted now to dwell

“ For ever with the dead.

“ My Lord to Indian climates went,

“ A letter from my Lover sent

“ Renew’d eternal woes;—

“ Before my Love my last words greet,

“ Wrapt in the weary winding-sheet,

“ I in the dust repose!

“ Perhaps

" Perhaps your parents have deceived,

" Perhaps too rashly I believed

" A tale of treacherous art ;

" Monimia ! could you now behold

" The youth you loved in sorrows old,

" Oh ! it would break thy heart !

" Now in the grave for ever laid,

" A constant solitary shade,

" Thy Harry hangs o'er thee !

" For you I fled my native sky ;

" Loaded with life for you I die ;

" My love, remember me !"

" Of all the promises of youth,

" The tears of tenderness and truth,

" The throbs that lovers send ;

" The vows in one another's arms,

" The secret sympathy of charms ;

" My God ! is this the end ?"

She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted fought in evil hour

The promontory steep ;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain
The dashing of the deep.

“ Waves that resound from shore to shore !

“ Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar

“ Of ocean, storm, and wind !

“ Your elemental war is tame,

“ To that which rages in my frame,

“ The battle of the mind !”

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood

The victim of despair ;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,

“ My God ! my father ! where ?”——

Wild

Wild on the fummit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save;
The shriek of death arose!
At once she sunk to rise no more;
And sadly-sounding to the shore,
The parted billows close!

O D E

WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN
AUTUMN.

'TIS past! no more the Summer blooms!
 Ascending in the rear,
 Behold congenial Autumn comes,
 The Sabbath of the year!
 What time thy holy whispers breathe,
 The pensive evening shade beneath,
 And twilight consecrates the floods;
 While Nature strips her garment gay,
 And wears the vesture of decay,
 O let me wander thro' the sounding woods!

Ah!

Ah! well-known streams! Ah! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or roved the woodland maze!
Long-exiled from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of Time
Snatch'd to the shadows of Despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And, wandering o'er the wild, I fung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail;
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I fought to weep for imaged woes,
Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

Alas!

Alas ! misfortune's cloud unkind

May Summer soon o'ercast ;

And cruel Fate's untimely wind

All human beauty blast !

The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,

And promised fruits, and cherish'd flowers,

The hopes of life in embryo sweeps ;

Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,

And desolate before his time,

In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps !

Relentless power ! whose fated stroke

O'er wretched man prevails !

Ha ! love's eternal chain is broke,

And friendship's covenant fails !

Upbraiding forms ! a moment's ease—

O Memory ! how shall I appease

The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost ?

What charm can bind the gushing eye ?

What voice console th' incessant sigh,

And everlasting longings for the lost ?

Yet

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh, that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aërial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er th' untimely urn!

H Y M N S.

THE NEW YORK

H Y M N I.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O GOD of Abraham! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, thro' this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our Fathers be the God
Of their succeeding race!

Thro' each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide!

O spread

O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Fathers loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace!

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore!

H Y M N II.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

FE W are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!

Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering Hope
Thy sprightly step attends ;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light ;
A Pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold ! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field ;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt

Nipt by the year the forest fades ;
And flaking to the wind,
The leaves tofs to and fro, and streak
The wildernefs behind.

The Winter[^]paft, reviving flowers
Anew fhall paint the plain,
The woods fhall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly fcene,
Ah! never to return!
No fecond Spring fhall e'er revive
The afhes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
Can raife the human mold?

H

The

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

So Man departs the living scene,
To Night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of Morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our Fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
" The Patriarchs, Prophets, Princes, Kings,
" In sacred books inroll'd.

" Gone

" Gone to the resting-place of man,

" The everlasting home,

" Where ages past have gone before,

" Where future ages come."

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,

And urged her earnest cry ;

Her voice in agony extreme

Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard : Then from his throne

In majesty he rose ;

And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,

His voice in mercy flows.

" When mortal man resigns his breath,

" And falls a clod of clay,

" The soul immortal wings its flight,

" To never-setting day.

“ Prepar’d of old for wicked men

“ The bed of torment lies ;

“ The just shall enter into bliss

“ Immortal in the skies.”

H Y M N III.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Even from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

H 3.

I know

I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar ;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet ;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore

Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,

In death I will adore;

And after death will sing thy praise,

When time shall be no more.

H Y M N IV.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O Happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of Fame
And Honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

H Y M N V.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the Hill of God they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

H Y M N VI.

BEHOLD! th' Ambaffador divine,
 Descending from above,
To publifh to mankind the law
 Of everlasting love!

On him in rich effufion pour'd
 The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he fhall reveal,
 To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-found, at his approach,
 Shall ftrike the wondering ears;
But ftill and gentle breathe the voice
 In which the God appears.

By

By his kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of Heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul.

Thus saith the Lord, "Thee have I sent,
" A Prophet from the sky,
" Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
" The message from on high.

" Before

“ Before thy face the shades of death

“ Shall take to sudden flight,

“ The people who in darkness dwell

“ Shall hail a glorious light;

“ The gates of brass shall ’funder burst,

“ The iron fetters fall;

“ The promis’d jubilee of Heaven

“ Appointed rise o’er all.

“ And lo! prefaging thy approach,

“ The Heathen temples shake,

“ And trembling in forsaken fanes,

“ The fabled idols quake.

“ I am Jehovah: I am One:

“ My name shall now be known;

“ No Idol shall usurp my praise,

“ Nor mount into my throne.”

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view ;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord !
Let earth his praise resound ;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord ! begin
The universal song ;
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice ;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combined with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

H Y M N VII.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling wilds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the Spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom
The lilies in the vale.

I

Renew'd,

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears ;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose ;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new Creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud Hofannah sing !
With Hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King !

H Y M N VIII.

WHEN Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given;

Simeon the Just and the Devout,
Who frequent in the fane
Had for the Saviour wailed long,
But waited still in vain;

Came Heaven-directed at the hour
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest asking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

H Y M N IX.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our Nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven his plan of Grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Tho' now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.



T H E E N D.

